THE PEACE CORPS: Ian Sclanders

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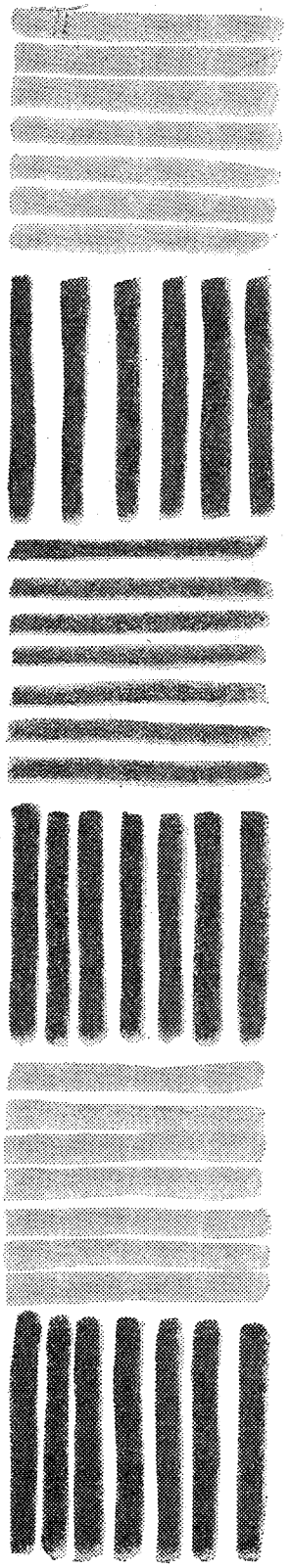

WITH THE 'REDSKINS' OF VIETNAM

Daniel F. Ford

HIGH NOON IN THE COW PALACE

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People vs. Politicians

DEFEAT IN HARLEM

Woody Klein

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LETTERS

Honored Shah

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: It is regrettable that both your editorial, "Here He is Again," and references made to the Shahanshah of Iran in Wade Thompson's article, "Season of Kudos" (*The Nation*, June 8), convey nothing but the same slanders and falsehoods and distortion of facts about the Iranian monarch that have appeared in the writings of his opponents. . . .

Allow me once again to repudiate your statement concerning the size of the Iranian army and the "secret police." To refrain from being monotonous in your statements about Iran, why don't you once reflect the fact that Iran has the most vital strategic position in the Middle East and that its armed forces must be trained and equipped better to safeguard its territorial integrity. . . ? Why don't you tell your readers that Iran is living under a constant barrage of propaganda from the Communist world and other organizations of international subversion?

During his twenty-four years of reign His Majesty has been honored by institutions of higher learning the world over. Therefore, it was not, as Wade Thompson asserts, "outside pressure" that forced the universities to confer honorary degrees upon His Majesty. . . .

A. M. Shapurian
Press Counselor
Iranian Embassy

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your bold and outspoken editorial describing openly the hypocritical aspect of the Shah of Iran's recent visit to this country, has roused great excitement mixed with a deep sense of admiration among hundreds of Iranian students in America who have read it.

On behalf of the Iranian students in the Greater New York area, I take this opportunity to express my hearty appreciation and gratitude to you for presenting . . . so bluntly and vividly the appalling situation in Iran under the Shah's ruthless military regime and secret police force.

Hassan F. Zandy
Professor of Physics
Yeshiva University

Pension grab

El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Merton C. Bernstein's observations as well as his conclusions ("The Pension Mirage," *The Nation*, June 15) are only too true, as my own experience proved recently when I and 1,200 other employees of many years' service lost our jobs as well as our chance to collect pension payments when the Marchant Calculator plant of Oakland, Calif., moved its entire facilities sans its production staff to Orangeburg, S.C.

The company benefited by this shrewd move from a highly unionized, high-labor-cost area to a low-labor-cost, right-to-work state and...no law could be found to prevent the company from pocketing its tax-free pension fund (except for already vested rights) and we employees were left minus our rightful benefits. . . . *Walter Gerstel*

Compact risk

Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: "According to most insurance companies, compact cars cause and sustain less damage in accidents. In addition, they are more easily and economically repaired. As a result, most insurance companies charge 10 per cent less for liability and collision coverage among owners of compact cars."

This quotation (called to mind by your editorial "Mowing Them Down," June 15) comes from . . . the *Buyer's Digest of New Car Facts for 1964*, a publication of the Ford Motor Company. *Ernest H. Tilford*

Dusty symbols

New York City

Dear Sirs: In a single, seven-letter word, Secretary of State Rusk clearly reveals the archaic, unrealistic character of our Far Eastern policy. He calls the capital of the 15-year-old, 700-million-strong People's Republic of China, "Peiping"—the name used by Chiang Kai-shek when the Generalissimo strutted briefly in China's ancient seat of government. . . . When I heard our bland, bumbling Secretary use the name in a recent television interview, I was reminded of Governor Wallace of Alabama, who flies the Confederate flag in a vain attempt to delude himself and his followers that their long-dead slave oligarchy still exists. . . . The ideas of both men are plainly signaled by their use of word and symbol long since thrown into the dustbin of history. *Taylor Adams*

Real politik

Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs: Mr. James Diamond correctly pointed out "Okinawa: Trigger in the Pacific," (*The Nation*, June 1) that United States rule on Okinawa is a military expedient rather than legally sanctioned. . . . Nations seldom act for altruistic reasons, but for reasons of national self-interest. It is primarily *our* freedom we are defending, and only secondarily the freedom of Okinawans. . . .

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The Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty with Russia was signed *after* we handed them a stunning loss of face in Cuba — which leads me to believe that some nations may be more amenable to negotiation when they are "one-down. . . ." *Victor Lygdman, Jr.*

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The Danger of 'Extremism'

Senator Goldwater has said that a political platform is typically "a packet of lies and misinformation." Had he been willing to go the limit in candor, he could have added that national conventions, *in toto*, are outstanding examples of the art of sowing confusion in order to reap the votes of the thoughtless. Since most adult Americans are perfectly aware of this, little lasting harm is normally done by platform claptrap.

The fight over "extremism" at San Francisco was an exception, and liberals should beware of its possible results. The contest was one phase of the conquest of the Republican Party by a coalition which includes some Taft-type moderates—George M. Humphrey, for instance—but also embraces the genocidal lunatics who would like to have seen Barry drop the bomb on the Soviets at the climax of his inaugural speech, the white backlashers, the impeach-Earl-Warren mob, et al. The majority of Republican moderates are not reconciled to this transition, hence the Scranton-Rockefeller-Romney attack on "extremists." But there is a potential double danger in this excoriation of the far Right and the far Left (the latter included more out of custom than because it represents any present domestic threat). In the first place, the word "extremist" is undesirably vague and can be made to include anyone of whom the speaker strongly disapproves. And in the second place, the anxiety to banish such elements from the party can readily be perverted into a move to exclude them from the American forum of ideas. Extremist views are not only inevitable in a free society, their unhobbled dissemination is essential to its health.

In his valiant attempt to secure condemnation of the John Birch crowd at the convention, Governor Rockefeller said the right things, but the later effects may be other than what he intended. Extremism per se is not wrong; there are times when it is necessary. In the eyes of the Tories, the Founding Fathers were extremists. Today, we cannot become a middle-class monolith. The entire spectrum, from Birchites to Mao-type Communists, must be free to press their cause by such argument as they can muster. All must obey the law, all must be equal before it.

A Beginning

By direction of the President, the Federal Bureau of Investigation sent more than 100 agents into Mississippi. Simultaneously with this influx of his minions, J. Edgar Hoover flew to Jackson, there to open a new FBI field office, which occupies two full floors in the First Federal Savings and Loan Building. Where normally perhaps fifteen agents might be active in the state, about 153 are now there. Some are looking for the murderers of the three civil rights workers who disappeared on June 21; others are trying to prevent further acts of murder, arson and assault.

As for Mr. Hoover himself, he cannot be accused of excessive zeal in carrying out this assignment. When he is in the South, or engaged in a civil rights mission anywhere, he is almost morbidly conscious of the statutory limits on FBI authority. "We most certainly do not and will not give protection to civil rights workers," he declared at a news conference on July 10. "The FBI is not a police organization. It is purely an investigative organization. The protection of individual citizens, either natives of this state or coming into the state, is a matter for local authorities."

This forthright statement overlooks the fact that, in Mississippi today, an ever present danger to a civil rights worker is that he will be detained by the local police on a traffic charge and released, directly or indirectly, to a lynch mob.

Despite Mr. Hoover's disclaimers, reports indicate that Mr. Johnson's dispatching of the FBI to Mississippi has had a salutary effect. The local police officer does not know when an FBI agent may be observing his actions. Even though the agent may virtuously abstain from interference with lawlessness, he may later appear as a witness, or in some other way discommode those who are doing their best to uphold Southern tradition. It is said, further, that communication facilities are now in operation which make it much more difficult for civil rights workers to disappear without a trace. That and no more. As Mr. Hoover spoke, a rabbi and two other civil rights workers were beaten in Hattiesburg, some 80 miles from Jackson. Since the prevention of such incidents is not Mr. Hoover's problem, it is clearly Mr. Johnson's. He has, at least, made a first move toward assuming it.

The Polyglot Navy

The Multilateral Force (MLF), is a visionary scheme cooked up by American war planners to keep NATO from disintegrating. The chief land force in the NATO complex is the German army. An army without nuclear weapons is, however, very depressing both to the German generals and to the statesmen who, for the present, give the generals their orders. To make the Germans happy is one aim of MLF. It is to consist of twenty-five surface ships jointly manned by crews from eight nations: the United States, Germany, Britain, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Greece and Turkey. Each ship will carry eight Polaris-type

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated Aug. 10 and Aug. 24.

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missiles. The ships will be owned jointly by the NATO members. Germany and the U.S. will each foot 40 per cent of the bill, Britain only 10 per cent. The Germans will have a substantial equity in a nuclear force; this, it is hoped, will satisfy them for the time being.

By all indications the Germans will not be satisfied for long. Have they ever been, in military matters? Their immediate hope is to get their fingers on the nuclear trigger. But this expectation runs contrary to another tenet of American policy, which is to arrive at some sort of *modus vivendi* with the Russians and substitute the Chinese Reds as the chief cold-war bogey. The Russians are not apt to accept German nuclear armament. MLF, therefore, lies athwart any U.S.-Soviet truce.

From the professional military viewpoint, the multilateral conglomeration has just about all the faults a striking force can have. It is a prime example of disunity of command and complexity of operation. All but the Germans are going into it reluctantly, under U.S. pressure. Two of the allies, Turkey and Greece, are on the verge of war. They could fight each other on the MLF ships, but that would scarcely comport with the American design. If Labour wins the coming election, Britain may not participate at all.

Europe does not need more armaments. It is already saturated with them. There are said to be 50,000 tactical nuclear weapons deployed on the NATO front. For their part, the Russians have 700 or 800 medium-range rockets aimed at Western Europe. There is overkill here, as in ICBMs. Until the elections are over, there can, of course, be no thought of modification. Not even Harold Wilson can afford to give the appearance of being soft on communism. But if Labour wins in England, and if the election here goes Democratic, as it almost certainly will, a corollary benefit might be the timely miscarriage of MLF.

Bayonet Drill

A reader who is working off his military obligations by summer sessions with the New York National Guard, has written us of a new maneuver that has been added to the curriculum this year at Camp Drum. On the morning of June 13, the 11,000 men of the Rainbow Division, to which our correspondent belongs, were called out with rifles, bayonets and gas masks. Then each battery of approximately 100 men was broken into two groups, one of which was ordered to put aside its military gear and assemble as a mob — or, as the executive lieutenant more specifically defined it, a sit-down demonstration. The other fifty men of each battery were formed into a wedge and advanced slowly on their comrades, urged forward by such cries as "Use your bayonets to move them, men," and "Don't wound them, kill them. A wounded man is dangerous."

A first sergeant was overheard asking what had become of the only Negro in the battery. "He's out among the mob," was the answer. The sergeant shook his head and said: "Well, I hope he doesn't mind."

In international terms, the kind of war they teach at places like Camp Drum is pretty well outdated by the atom bomb, but for certain situations it is still relevant. For example, American boys can still be effectively taught how to kill other American boys with rifle and bayonet. The long, hot summer began early for New York's National Guard.

De Gaulle in Oceania

General de Gaulle's budding *Force de Dissuasion* is ostensibly a nuclear deterrent against the Soviets. Actually, de Gaulle's motive is to elbow his way into the nuclear club for purposes of diplomatic prestige and blackmail. Once in, he will still not be the peer of Britain, much less of the United States, whose Gargantuan nuclear arsenal dwarfs anything that France can hope to muster. But no nuclear striking force is contemptible. Starting with small *Mirage* bombers designed for low-level dash under an enemy's radar screen, with bombs of about triple-Hiroshima size, the French will eventually have medium-range missiles and thermonuclear war heads. There will be no nonsense about counterforce to the enemy's military installations—the Gaullist dissuasion is frankly aimed at cities.

Regardless of the targets, this is bad news. To develop his bigger bombs, de Gaulle needs a test program and a test site. Just as he scorns the no-cities doctrine, he makes no bones about his intention to test, ad libitum, in the atmosphere. Long before the French program is completed, the international test-ban treaty, which France refused to sign, may be laid in ruins.

Although by treaty with Algeria de Gaulle could continue to use the Sahara, African (and UN) opposition has made it expedient to move the test site to the South Pacific. The unenvied base for the explosions is Mururoa, an island in French Polynesia, about 750 miles southeast of Tahiti. De Gaulle's intentions have aroused opposition among the Polynesians who, contrary to Western notions, are not all a bunch of fun-loving children. Chile to the east, and Australia and New Zealand to the west, have also shown concern. Although the distances in these cases are considerable —about 3,150 miles to New Zealand, 4,200 to Australia and the same to Chile—all can expect to share in the radioactive fallout.

Much to the annoyance of the French, the Australian, New Zealand and Chilean Governments have protested officially. In New Zealand, a Committee for Non-Violent Action Against French Nuclear Tests has been formed to sail boats into the testing area, and other agitation has taken place or is planned. The Territorial Assembly in Tahiti has lodged objections. The French have assured the Tahitians that French science would contrive to have the radioactive debris fall elsewhere than on Tahiti. At the same time they have extolled the commercial advantages which would accrue: tonnage at the port of Papeete is to increase by 50 per cent, 1,000 new houses will be built, etc. This bait has not been taken. According to reports, de Gaulle has found it necessary to outlaw two political parties in French Polynesia by decree, and some

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members of the Territorial Assembly have been placed under house arrest.

But even if the Tahitians prove less susceptible to atomic bribery than Californians or Texans, they can hardly be expected by themselves to thwart de Gaulle's designs. If this can be done at all, it will require concerted action to make the entire Southern Hemisphere a nuclear-free zone. And that, for all of de Gaulle's unpopularity in Washington, would step on American toes as well. As the foremost nuclear power, the United States is averse to nuclear-free zones. Once started, they would be all too likely to spread, with a resulting diminution of American influence in the world. A great power strives to increase its power, not diminish it. De Gaulle knows this, and the prospects for stopping his tests are correspondingly poor.

High Noon in the Cow Palace... Carey McWilliams

Last week the GOP became the GP — that is, the Goldwater Party — and it will remain so for quite some time. How the take-over was engineered is less important than what it means.

To Jesse Unruh, California's leading politico, Goldwater's nomination "could presage the destruction and the end of the two-party, non-class-based political system in the United States." It is understandable to Unruh that the Left should seek a class-divided political system — "because the classes ordinarily identified as left of center on domestic economic issues are clearly superior in number" — but he finds it puzzling that right-wingers should consciously seek to polarize the two-party system along socio-economic or class lines. Yet that is what Goldwater's nomination has accomplished. Negroes have been excluded from the "new" party as effectively as though they had been barred en masse — all 18 million of them. Labor will now be more closely identified with the Democratic Party than in the past. The platform of the "new" party is pure, raw Goldwaterism. Sections of it — for example, those on immigration and prayers in the schools — seem deliberately designed to offend Jews and other minorities. On the face of it, Unruh is right: a general polarization of social forces on class lines is implicit in Goldwater's nomination. But does this mean the end of the "two-party, non-class-based" political system, or does it create new opportunities for realignment of the party system on a more realistic and rational basis?

Realignment seems implicit in Goldwater's victory. There is nothing confused or blurred about the image that he and his new party project. The liberal Republicans have been cuffed and humiliated. Many of them will either not vote or vote for President Johnson; some will become "independent" Republicans. Others may eventually follow Wayne Morse's path into the Democratic Party. But they will not form a third party, and Goldwater has no intention of permitting them to run his campaign in New York or Pennsylvania or anywhere else.

Goldwater believes his views to be closer to the "mainstream" of Republicanism — polls to the contrary—than those of the liberal Republicans. He could be right. But he also assumes that a national polarization is taking place and that his nomination will accelerate it. He wants the liberals out of the party the better to get the conservative Democrats in. On balance, he feels that he would gain by the exchange, but he also feels that undisputed national control of the Republican Party would in any case be a tactical advantage worth the price. One needs bifocals — several sets, in fact — to interpret the Goldwater operation. There is method in the apparent madness. Almost every phase of it has dual aspects: surface and subsurface, short-term and long-term, conventional and apocalyptic. Above all, it must be seen against the background of what Governor George Romney refers to as the onrushing national crisis.

It is important, first of all, to understand why Goldwater and company will not be easily dislodged from control of the Republican Party. A smashing electoral defeat will not necessarily make it possible for the former leaders to regain command. If Goldwater polls a large popular vote — as he well may — his followers will offer that as proof that ultimate victory is close at hand. If his popular vote is less than impressive, they will attribute the disappointment to the defection of the liberal Republicans. In either case they will fight even harder to hold the power they have won.

Neither the liberals in the Republican Party, nor the old-style conservatives, seem to understand what has happened. Many of the liberals here feel that now is a good time to let the conservatives have their fling; later it may be possible to pick up the pieces and reunite the party on a new, sound base. The old-style conservatives feel that this is the last good chance to test their thesis that "me-tooism" is the disease from which the party has been suffering.

The trouble with all this is that Goldwater is not a conservative, and his triumph at this convention is no ordinary factional triumph; it marks a sharp turn in the road. The Republican Party has not been captured by the conservatives but by a handful of raiders from the far Right — the kind that spit on the rules and play rough. On all sides one is told that Goldwater cannot retain control if he is defeated because, in a similar situation, Nixon could not retain control after 1960. But Nixon never had anything remotely resembling the organization that Goldwater's managers have put together. These clever operators realized at Chicago in 1960 that, if they could organize the pent-up fury and frustration of the conservatives, they could capture control of the party. But the *Putsch* did not really get under way until Nixon's 1962 defeat in California.

The strategy was simple. Goldwater comes from a state with five electoral votes — seemingly a severe handicap. But a base could be found in the South and, to a degree, in the West; the 279 Southern delegates could provide a secure offset to New York (Rockefeller) or Pennsylvania (Scranton). The strategy presupposed that one or

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possibly two big delegations could be picked up — Texas or California. The balance of the delegates needed would be secured through effective organization at the grass-roots. Here, too, the plan was simple. Seek out the "real conservatives" in each Congressional district. In some cases, these were well-heeled Birchites, real zealots, prepared to work hard. Or, if not Birchites, they were conservatives (many also well-heeled) whose frustrations dated back, in some cases, to 1932. As Dick Morgan, who heads the Goldwater-for-President Committee in Texas explained it to me, the blueprint had been worked out in Dallas in the campaign that sent Republican Bruce Alger to Congress in 1954. Organizers, mostly volunteers, were told to seek out persons, Democrats or Republicans, who were sympathetic, register them, keep in close touch with them, involve them in activities and get them to the polls. In Dallas, 8,000 workers were active in Goldwater's pre-convention campaign. Bernard Brennan, who managed campaigns for Senators Kuchel and Nixon in Southern California, told me that at the beginning, he explained to the Goldwater people that it would not be possible to set up a precinct organization for the California primary; there was not enough time. But the Goldwaterites mobilized an army of 15,000 volunteers with a speed that amazed this experienced campaign manager.

Goldwater was a good candidate for a grass-roots Presidential drive. He crisscrossed the country, speaking everywhere, helping to raise funds, campaigning tirelessly for Republican candidates, building up a strong following among local county chairmen. Nor were the upper reaches neglected: by the spring of 1963, some fifty state chairmen were committed to him. All this took a great deal of money, but money was not a problem.

This organization is now in being; it has dominated every phase of this convention. The Kennedy organization at Los Angeles, in 1960, was impressive, but this one is awesome. It will not disintegrate even if Goldwater suffers a smashing defeat. To regain control, the liberal Republicans would have to fight their way back, in some states almost precinct by precinct. And if their performance here is any test, they lack what it takes to do the job. Inept, disorganized, badly disciplined, leaderless, they have no program, and there is a dismaying emptiness about many of their pronouncements.

As for the campaign ahead, which promises to be rough and dirty, Stephen Shadegg, Western states regional director, has outlined the plans of the Goldwater strategists. He assumes that Goldwater will hold the conservative support; the campaign will now be extended "into the gray areas" made up of voters who care least about politics and who, for that reason, must be appealed to on an emotional basis. It doesn't matter, says Shadegg, that basically they may disagree with the candidate; if he addresses their concerns in emotional terms, and if they like him personally, they will respond. The emotional mix is clearly indicated: a razzle-dazzle about statism, a stepped-up "war against communism" — foreshadowed in warmly applauded platform statements by retired Admiral Arleigh Burke, Dr. Stephen Possony, Robert Morris (former counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee) and other cold warriors—and, of course, the white backlash on civil rights.

No one knows how strong the white backlash is or how it may be affected by passage of the civil rights act — not to mention possible developments between now and November. If many more murders take place in Mississippi, there may be a backlash to the backlash. But even in this notably liberal city, there is strong feeling that "they" have "gone too far." On the *day the convention opened*, Dr. Thomas N. Burbridge, a University of California professor, president of the local NAACP and of the United San Francisco Freedom Movement, was sentenced to nine months in jail for his role in the auto-row sit-ins last April; it is a harsh sentence by any standard.

In California, Goldwater will draw strength from the movement to repeal the Rumford Act (a fair-housing enactment). A proposition to do that — it is really a "right to discriminate" measure — will be on the November ballot. To be sure, many who will vote for the measure will vote for Johnson for other reasons, or because they do not hold him responsible for the Rumford Act. But in California and elsewhere, Goldwater will be the beneficiary of whatever backlash sentiment exists, although he will have to share it to some extent with Wallace. He doesn't need to discuss civil rights; the issue will be dramatized. The march of 35,000 civil rights advocates (most of them whites) up Market Street to protest Goldwater's nomination is a sample of what will happen.

The civil rights issue should be a potent force for realignment. At the same time that it will drive the liberal Republicans from Goldwater, it will strengthen his appeal to conservative elements in the South. Here the long-term implications are important even if Goldwater fails to carry many — or any — Southern states. His candidacy has already given great impetus to the Republican trend in the South. In fact, the emergence of well-disciplined Southern delegations, and the prominent and influential role Southern delegates have played on the committees, were a noteworthy feature of this convention. I spent some time with members of the Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas delegations, and from these talks and interviews an interesting pattern emerged.

First of all, the Southern delegates at this convention are a "new breed." About two-thirds of those in the delegations mentioned were attending their first Republican convention. They are not old-style "office-holding," patronage-hungry Southern delegates — the variety that constituted a standing scandal at Republican conventions for nearly a century. Among the new converts, a woman like Mrs. Tom Abernathy, of Talladega, Ala., stands out as a veteran. She became National Committeewoman in 1956, and is now starting her third term. Some of the delegates I spoke to cast their first Republican ballot in 1952, others in 1956, and many as recently as 1960. They are mostly young people with a heavy concentration in the 30-40 age bracket. There are few transplanted Northerners among them. As a group, they are distinctly middle and upper-middle class: insurance salesmen, corporate executives, lawyers, advertising executives, mill owners, an occasional doctor or dentist, some big farmers (but not many).

Without exception, the delegates

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Barry Goldwater: From a Photograph in The Observer, *London*

I interviewed took the same line about Governor George Wallace. "George" (they made a point of patronizing him) was an able and clever politician, but the idea of "unpledged electors" was, practically speaking, a hoax, and possibly unconstitutional as well; they had learned this lesson in 1948. Even if Wallace got enough votes to throw the election into the House, it could only result in Johnson's election (five of the Louisiana contingent were known to be for him). Most of the delegates were grateful to Wallace because he had demonstrated that a States'-rights segregationist could get votes in such states as Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland, but that mission had now been accomplished and "George" should bow out. It was made clear that Wallace's appeal was largely to white workers who feared Negro job competition and to the "lower classes" generally. I got the feeling that these delegates would blackball "George" if he ever tried to join their country clubs.

In some Southern states, of course, the Republican movement is much more advanced than in others but everywhere it has been given a big push by Goldwater. Weakest in Mississippi (as recently as 1959, the Republicans didn't bother to file contests), it is strong in Texas, Louisiana and Alabama, where a Republican nominee gave Senator Lister Hill a bad scare last time round. This year, with eight Congressmen running at large, the Republicans hope to capture one or two Congressional seats in Alabama. The Republican upsurge in Louisiana has been impressive. Charlton H. Lyons, Sr., a well-known Shreveport attorney "of good family" — a recent convert to the Republican cause—campaigned vigorously in every parish and polled 300,000 votes for governor in a state with only 13,000 registered Republicans. Floyd O. Crawford, of Baton Rouge, in a district with 84,000 Democrats and 1,000 Republicans, polled better than 25,000 votes for state Senator. He is now a candidate for Congress.

The Goldwater operators at the convention created a special Southern region set-up under the direction of John E. Grenier, a 33-year-old ex-marine pilot of Birmingham, to ride herd on the 279 Southern delegates. Delegates were divided into teams of five with a team leader assigned to each team. Coordinators, some supplied by the California Republican Assembly, worked in shifts round the clock, just to see that all went well. Each delegate was given a printed list of do's and dont's. For example, "Do be friendly and courteous to everyone. Don't boo anyone or anything," etc. This regional set-up will surely be maintained.

Perhaps because they were on their good behavior, few of the Southern delegates with whom I spoke would concede that civil rights had been a major factor in their conversion to Republicanism. They stressed their "conservatism," their fear of federal encroachment, their abhorrence of welfare liberalism and the need for a second party in the South. George Despot, a 37-year-old businessman from Shreveport, complained bitterly that the Democratic Party, as such, scarcely existed in Louisiana. If you happened to know the man who happened to be governor, you got a hearing, otherwise not. To him, the Democratic Party was simply a collection of tribal chieftains who fought endlessly among themselves for power and plunder. He was so convinced of the need for a second party that he would have voted for Rockefeller if he had been nominated, although Goldwater was, of course, his choice. Dick Morgan, the young business executive who heads the Texas Goldwater-for-President committee (formed in October, 1963), is another good specimen of this "new

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breed." A graduate of Southern Methodist University, he lost part of his Southern accent at Cornell, where he attended the School of Public Administration. He dates the "new movement" from 1954, when Bruce Alger was elected to Congress. This year, Republicans have a candidate in every Congressional district and George Bush, a wealthy oil driller with important offshore interests, is the Party's attractive Senatorial nominee. The Texas Republicans have twelve state legislators — Morgan is one — most of them from Dallas. Morgan insists that in Texas, Goldwater is fighting the "power structure," which is for Johnson. The Texas delegates are convinced that Goldwater will give Johnson "a tremendous race" in the President's own state: "It will be a squeaker."

Many of the Southern "new breed" have turned Republican for a reason they do not mention, but which is implicit in what they say. A strongly upward mobile element, they have decided that their best opportunities are in the Republican Party. They have "made it" economically, but they want to make it even bigger. Goldwater Republicanism is "the fashionable thing" in their suburbs and among their peers. The ultras have a lot of money and are willing to spend it to advance careers and causes in which they believe. It is easy to make a career in the Goldwater party. There are opportunities in it, hurdles can be jumped. Goldwater Republicanism is "respectable" because it does not attract "trouble makers," such as Negroes and civil rights nuts, nor does it attract "leftists" and ex-New-Dealers.

This "new breed" of Southern Republicans is one aspect of a new social and economic reality — the rise of new centers of wealth and industry and power in the South, Southwest and California. The five space centers in the "missile crescent" control annual budgets of $3.5 billion. Further west, Arizona and California, particularly Southern California, have experienced a fantastic growth and prosperity, mostly in defense contracts. In these new "space frontier" communities there are few established institutions or traditions to provide guidance or discipline; opinion is notably volatile. These are "boom" communites in much the same way the earlier mining camps were boom towns. People are still striking it rich; there are more new millionaires — on paper — in Southern California than you can shake a stick at. The "new money crowd" is very chesty indeed, and "more" is their battle cry. The Eastern Establishment does not impress them; they have money, lots of it, and they have interests that need "protection." One reason that the Eastern Establishment fears Goldwater is that it did not finance him, nor is it likely to get a mortgage on him; he has plenty of money. Until these new "space frontiers" are coordinated and brought under Eastern control — if indeed they can be — they will present an increasingly significant challenge to the old power in the party.

It is too early to say just what the emergence of this Republicanism of the Right will mean. It could lead to realignment of the parties, or it could shift the whole country's political center of gravity to the Right. The "new" party has picked up strength in the South and Southwest but, by the same token, many business, financial and industrial leaders, normally Republicans, have already placed their bets on President Johnson. A Johnson victory could conceivably produce such a large Democratic majority in Congress that the roadblocks would be pushed aside, as they were for Roosevelt in 1936. Between now and November, the President is likely to move to the Right for tactical reasons, but what he does later will depend on a long list of variables: the size of Goldwater's vote, the character of the campaign, the way the civil rights issue develops, etc. On the surface and for the short term, the Democratic prospects are bright, but the long-term view should cause concern. Too big a victory could in itself mean long-term trouble for the Democrats. President Johnson is the kind of politician who needs to be kept under strong and constant pressure from the Left. For the time being, a combination of factors — the impetus of President Kennedy's leadership, the reaction to his assassination, President Johnson's muscle and know-how — has provided enough momentum to move things along; but not far enough or fast enough, given the character of the times. A big victory would provide new momentum, but in which direction would the President move? To Jesse Unruh, Goldwater's nomination will be "unfortunate in the short run and disastrous in the long run." But, assuming that the President continues to enjoy good health, the short-run consequences should not be "unfortunate" — certainly not for the Democrats, nor generally. The prospects for realignment should improve, even if the President moves to the Right during the campaign, and realignment is imperative. Sooner or later the ugly mutterings and threats of the far Right would have surfaced, and now is as good a time as any to meet them. For my part, I would like to know just how many of my fellow countrymen do, in fact, subscribe to the irrational demography of the extreme Right.

The Goldwater operators — at least those who could be seen at the convention — strike me as experts on how to capture control of a party, but not how to win an election. For it is one thing to lay hands on the kind of politically vulnerable people who make up state delegations, and quite another to present a program and an aura of competent responsibility that will enlist the public at large. Strong-arm methods may seize a party; they are less likely to capture an electorate. In the Goldwater camp, power is what counts — particularly in a period of great flux and uncertainty and change. Grab the organization. Seize the power. Then wait for a chance to make another grab by the same methods. Although they would deny it — and I cannot prove it — they seem to feel that they have launched a revolution from the Right. No doubt they want to get as many votes as possible in 1964, but they are looking ahead. If there is a long-term trend to the Right in American politics — which is one of their prime assumptions — then they may reasonably hope to come to power regardless of how this election goes. In the meantime, they have a strong power-base from which to operate. Goldwater's nomination will make it possible for younger elements in the movement to peddle their disreputable political merchandise under the "conservative" label. The by-products are numerous and intriguing.

There was an atmosphere, a tone,

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about this convention that bodes no good for the country. The "kooks" were kept in the background to some extent, but they were here in force. The younger they are, the more hard-boiled they seem. Watching them in action, you keep telling yourself that this is just the same old convention noise and nonsense; that it shouldn't be taken too seriously. But here again you need bifocals. In part, the Goldwater side of the convention had the quality of an old tintype with dressed-up cowboys and cowgirls screaming "we want Barry"; but something tells me that these people are capable of getting very rough indeed — and that it wouldn't take much to work the change. And these are just the ones that surfaced. How many others like them are there out across the country? What would trigger the explosive tensions now so close to the surface in American life? Down deep, just what is the real temper of the country at this moment in its history? How "conservative" have we become?

A Cow Palace was the appropriate setting for the double talk and hypocrisy heard at this convention: References to switchblade knives but no mention of the parts of dismembered bodies being dragged from Mississippi swamps; artfully voiced horror of "guilt by association" from red-baiters of unimpeachable credentials; pious refusal to condemn the K.K.K., the Communists and the Birchers on high civil libertarian grounds after three decades of kicking Communists and left-wingers around, etc. The twenty-two interruptions of Governor Rockefeller's speech amply confirmed the accuracy of his charges. They were also confirmed by the barrage of abusive mail that descended on Governor Hatfield after his remarks about extremists. The other day, Roy Wilkins, in a bitter moment, likened the Goldwater domination of the Republican Convention to Hitler's beer hall *Putsch*. The comparison was unfair and inaccurate, but I knew what he meant. In one form or another, the consequences of the hard turn to the Right, which the Republican Party has taken, will be with us for a long time.

People vs. Politicians

Defeat in Harlem . . . . . Woody Klein

If New York's Harlem sets the precedent, politicians — not the people — will benefit from President Johnson's national war on poverty. In America's biggest ghetto, a Negro social scientist, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, was recently crushed by practical politicians when he tried to steer the local antipoverty program on an independent professional course.

Dr. Clark's warning that politics must be kept out of social reform was minimized by Mayor Robert F. Wagner and, subsequently, by the White House. It was rejected even by the majority of Harlem Negroes whose loyalty to Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell was more than Clark had bargained for. Openly attacking Powell for trying to "take over" the $118 million Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited (HARYOU) project, Clark hoped to rally Negroes and whites behind him. He failed, however, to get the support of either.

The mild-mannered, 50-year-old City College of New York psychology professor, whose study of the effects of segregation on both white and Negro students was incorporated into the Supreme Court's 1954 decision banning segregation in the public schools, stepped out of his role as scholar when he publicly accused Powell of trying to make HARYOU a "political pork barrel," and of threatening to withhold federal funds for the project if he were not allowed to name its executive director. The Congressman is chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor.

Powell, nominal head of Associated Community Teams (ACT) in Harlem, which has since merged with HARYOU, wanted his former aide and director of ACT, Livingston L. (Roy) Wingate, to lead the project's field operations as the $25,000-a-year executive director. Clark, attempting to block Powell's move, countered by proposing that City Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson, an independent professional, lead the HARYOU-ACT program. Although the directorship fight was still unresolved at this writing, Wingate was given a major role in the program when he was chosen to be president of HARYOU-ACT early this month.

Clark's motivation for sounding the alarm was a matter of principle. He refused to accept as a political "fact of life" Powell's attempt to dominate the new agency. He felt that nearly two years of valuable research might "go down the drain" if Powell got his own way.

Clark's 614-page research report, "Youth in the Ghetto," was released early this spring before the controversy broke out in June. It is considered a superb social documentation of poverty in Harlem. His program to cure that community's generations-old social ills is viewed as one of the most imaginative ever conceived. If successfully implemented — and there is now some doubt that it will be — it could lift many of Harlem's 71,000 youths out of despair. It calls for the creation of forty preschool academies where Negro youngsters could be trained for the public educational process; junior and senior academies to rehabilitate children who have been in trouble with the law; and youth-occupation training centers for those who desire careers. It would also include a Cadet Corps, art and cultural centers, enlargement of the domestic Peace Corps (now run by ACT) and an Adult Volunteer Corps. Clark's self-help program would be the largest of its type in the nation.

During some eighteen months of painstaking research with a staff

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Woody Klein, a reporter for the New York World-Telegram, *broke the HARYOU-ACT story earlier this summer. His* Let in the Sun, *a book on politics and poverty in New York, will be published soon.*

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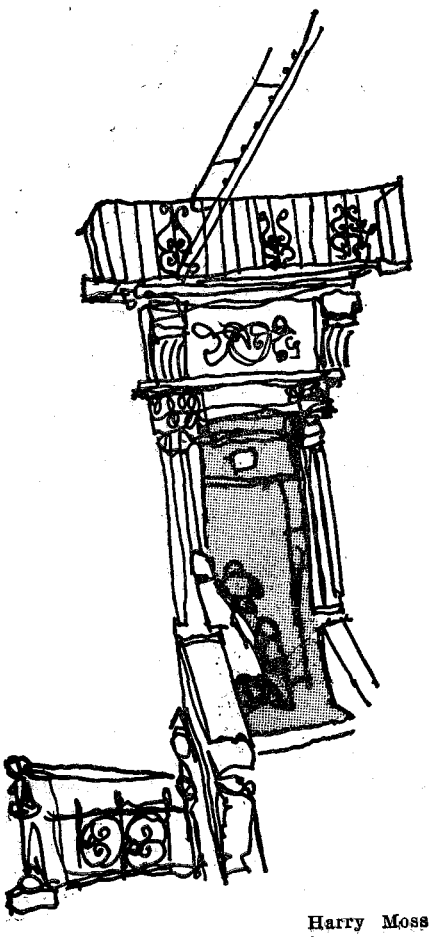
of twenty-five headed by Cyril D. Tyson, Clark had been repeatedly pressured, he said, by "emissaries" to turn the program over to Powell. Clark had made it clear that he had no objection to Powell getting some public credit for helping to bring the program into Harlem. He even agreed that Powell's ACT organization would function on its own after it officially merged with HARYOU. But when Powell, who had contributed almost nothing to the research stage of the project, refused to leave Clark and his associates alone to perform their professional duties, Clark started a public feud which he was sure he could win.

Unfortunately for HARYOU and for the entire national poverty program, nobody in government listened; and nobody in Harlem dared to break ranks with Powell, except J. Raymond Jones, an old Powell adversary and himself a shrewd politician. Because Jones sided with Clark, many Harlemites — including the editors of the influential *Amsterdam News* — saw the controversy as just another chapter in the personal rivalry between Powell and Jones.

Even worse, by concentrating on the scrap between the two politicians, the people of Harlem ignored the more pressing question of whether America's war on poverty should be run by politicians or by social scientists. If the Administration in Washington learns nothing from the Harlem showdown, politicians will very probably take over in the other fifteen cities designated for similar projects, and all the money and energy may be wasted.



Harry Moss

When Clark made his charges public, New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner was caught napping. Although he had met with Clark and Powell separately in an effort to resolve the dispute in private, he had no ready answers when the fight erupted. All he could offer was the news that he had written President Johnson for an appointment to discuss the situation. Some newspaper accounts placed him in the opposite corner from Powell, but the Mayor gave no sign that he intended to back Clark.

In Washington, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, head of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency (to which HARYOU and ACT are responsible), also made it clear that he wanted no part of any anti-Powell movement fashioned by Clark. "I don't have any complaints about Adam Clayton Powell," Kennedy flatly told a newsman. Kennedy's aide, David L. Hackett, executive director of the committee, took a different but equally aloof view. He tried to diminish the importance of the fight by saying factional differences were "normal" in nearly all of the sixteen cities where his federal committee was helping to mobilize communities against poverty and juvenile crime.

In Harlem, the battle rapidly turned into a debacle for Clark. He had Jones on his side, but even Jones disappeared on a trip to the Virgin Islands. Local Negro leaders began to demand Clark's ouster, instead of calling for Powell to step aside as Clark had hoped. The tables were turned.

Powell now launched a verbal counterattack. He called Clark a "liar" and charged that he and his wife, Dr. Mamie Clark, would "come out of this whole thing making a tremendous amount of money" for the Northside Center for Child Development in Harlem, an agency for disturbed children, which they operated.

Powell's charges were unfounded, but what was worse in Clark's eyes was that Powell issued them dressed in clergyman's robes one Sunday after conducting services at his Abyssinian Baptist Church. "I consider this a very serious thing," Clark told a reporter at the time. "When a man can leave his pulpit and call another man a liar when he knows better than anyone else it is not true, I wonder what manner of person this is." Clark was stunned by the incident.

It is difficult to assess how many people believed Powell. More important, however, is the fact that by this time nobody, not even those who knew and respected Clark, rallied to his support, except his wife. The political and civic leaders of New York, white and black alike, seemed not to care who was right and who was wrong in the controversy. Their only concern, it seemed, was to pacify the Congressman and get the antipoverty program rolling in this election year.

It was clear that the White House, whom Clark had hoped to visit together with Mayor Wagner, had no intention of becoming directly involved in the hassle. White House aides did not want to upset their good working relationship with Powell, a political power in Harlem. It was remembered that Powell had supported Lyndon B. Johnson for President in 1960, and was already scheduled to campaign nationally for him this year.

Despite all these setbacks, Clark stubbornly continued his crusade. "I see political considerations as death to any serious program in Harlem," he declared. "This is a struggle over whether the program will be on solid, professional grounds or in the image of a political operation."

In Congress at this time, members of the House of Representatives, in heated debate, were criticizing the President's juvenile delinquency program. Powell did not appear on the floor during the discussion, but in his absence Rep. H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) questioned the $250,000 grant to ACT. Gross said he had read that $187,000 of the $250,000 had been spent on personnel and for rent of property reportedly owned by Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church. "Who's going to win the power struggle for money going into New York City,

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allegedly to fight juvenile delinquency?" Gross asked.

Other Congressmen expressed dismay over the mushrooming Harlem battle. Rep. Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen (R., N.J.) said he had "reservations" about the entire juvenile delinquency program. Rep. John V. Lindsay (R., N.Y.), whose Seventeenth Congressional (Silk Stocking) District adjoins Powell's, warned: "We will be watching very carefully and we will raise the roof if there is a continuation or a beginning of political control."

But in New York, Mayor Wagner's next move was to turn his back publicly on Clark. He visited Powell's church in Harlem the same night that Clark was presiding over a meeting of the board of directors of HARYOU, within walking distance of the church. Wagner told his audience he was "proud" to be in the church.

"Dr. Powell and I sometimes differ politically," he is reported to have said, "but very often we agree. And I agree without reservation of any kind that he has given this church and the people in this area devoted leadership indeed."

A few days later, Sargent Shriver, in charge of the national poverty drive, unexpectedly entered the fray. He skillfully put the lid on Clark by announcing in a Washington hearing on antipoverty legislation that none of the $962 million slated for the national program would be applied "in communities where there is a civil war over leadership." The Peace Corps director bluntly warned: "There won't be any money for Harlem as long as there is a fight."

This ultimatum sent City Hall scurrying for a solution. Aware that the HARYOU-ACT power struggle might embarrass his administration, Wagner called in Negro civil rights leader Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League. The Mayor asked Young and Henry Cohen, a deputy city administrator, to arrange a truce.

Young journeyed to Hastings-on-Hudson to visit Clark, his old friend. Young pointed out what he viewed as the "political reality" of the situation and asked Clark not to be the one man responsible for holding up federal funds badly needed in Harlem. He also urged Clark to refrain from further public comment until the project got under way.

Clark, feeling himself with no alternative, consented to Young's requests. Privately, he admitted to his family and a few close friends that the whole affair, like an Alice in Wonderland dream, had turned into a nightmare for him. Clark was hurt by the fact that the national civil rights leader had asked him, not Powell, to make the concessions. Young did not even approach Powell, it was later revealed, and the Congressman emerged relatively unscathed.

Questioned about his role as an arbitrator, Young said at the time: "It was not our job to investigate the truth of the charges on either side. It was our job to make peace for the sake of the program." Several weeks later, after the crisis had apparently passed, he told a television audience in New York: "I think it is unrealistic to expect a Congressman from Harlem to be indifferent to this program . . . since it has built into it some machinery that has political implications."

Mayor Wagner belatedly appointed City Council President Paul. R. Screvane as the city's liaison with the Harlem project, and announced that the city had earmarked $3.4 million for it. He tried to patch things up with Clark by telephoning him at his Westchester home and saying: "Ken, I appreciate your cooperation." The next day, the Mayor issued a statement from City Hall publicly lauding Clark.

Few men in Clark's position could have withstood the pressure placed upon him from all quarters. He was virtually suppressed by the very people he had hoped would support his stand against allowing politics in the antipoverty program.

From a positive viewpoint, Clark may have temporarily prevented Powell from grabbing a political plum in Harlem; perhaps he even managed to discredit the unpredictable Harlem Congressman a little bit more in the eyes of whites outside of Harlem. But, in doing these things, this man, who brought some genuine hope to Harlem, became himself a casualty in the struggle to preserve that hope.

Those who squelched Clark must realize today that one of the disastrous effects of their steam-rolling political tactics is the fact that Clark is now lost to the HARYOU-ACT program. He is hurt, disillusioned and embittered by his defeat. He has announced he will not continue in any important capacity. "There's no place for me any more in Harlem," is the way he put it.

With the 'Redskins' of Vietnam . . . Daniel F. Ford

Pleiku, South Vietnam

Along the Song Ba River in the highlands of South Vietnam, there stands a small white obelisk in memory of Groupe Mobile 100. The rusting carcasses of two armored cars lie weed-grown beside the road. At this spot, ten years ago, a French regimental combat team fought and died in one of the long series of disasters that was the first Indo-China war.

One morning last month a convoy of U.S. Army vehicles rumbled past the graveyard of Groupe Mobile 100. The Vietnamese drivers wore goggles to protect their eyes from the dust of their passage. Beside the driver, on each vehicle except the first, sat a sunburned American in spotted camouflage fatigues — members of a U.S. Special Forces team stationed at Boung Ben. The trucks were filled with *montagnard* troopers, sturdy, dark-skinned warriors recruited from the mountain tribes of South Vietnam. In an hour or two, they would climb down from the trucks and begin a five-day march through the mountains, burning villages, destroying crops, and bringing the people back to government-controlled towns. Most of the refugees would be women, children and old men. The young

Daniel F. Ford, a free-lance journalist, is now in South Vietnam on a magazine writer's grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund. This is the second article he has written for The Nation *from the war zone.*

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men of the villages belong to the Vietcong, and the "Strike Force" would kill such of these as it could catch.

Strike Force units are only one small level of military activity in this war-weary land, where every young man must be a soldier and many men are soldiers all their lives. In addition to the regular Vietnamese army, there is the Civil Guard, which fights on a regional basis, and a Self-Defense Corps and a Hamlet Militia entrusted with local security. American advisers help train all of these, going out into the field with them on battalion-sized operations. But they are only advisers, and they are spread thin.

Strike Force companies are a different matter. They are recruited from South Vietnam's oppressed minorities — Cambodians and Hoa-Hao in the Mekong Delta, and *montagnards* in the Central Highlands. They are based deep in territory that otherwise belongs to the Vietcong. And they are commanded, in practice if not in theory, by the men of the U.S. Special Forces.

This unique organization is the Army's guerrilla-warfare branch. In South Vietnam its mission has been turned about—here Special Forces is fighting against the guerrillas instead of helping them — but the method is much the same. Small, rank-heavy detachments of twelve men establish operational bases in enemy-controlled territory, and from this nucleus grows a full battalion of soldiers who are trained to march hard, fight ruthlessly and treat every American as though he were a field-grade officer. Each Strike Force unit functions like a private army, responsible only to the Special Forces detachment which created it. Ironically, the nearest approach to this technique in any other army is in Laos, where many pro-Communist units are commanded by tough cadres imported from North Vietnam.

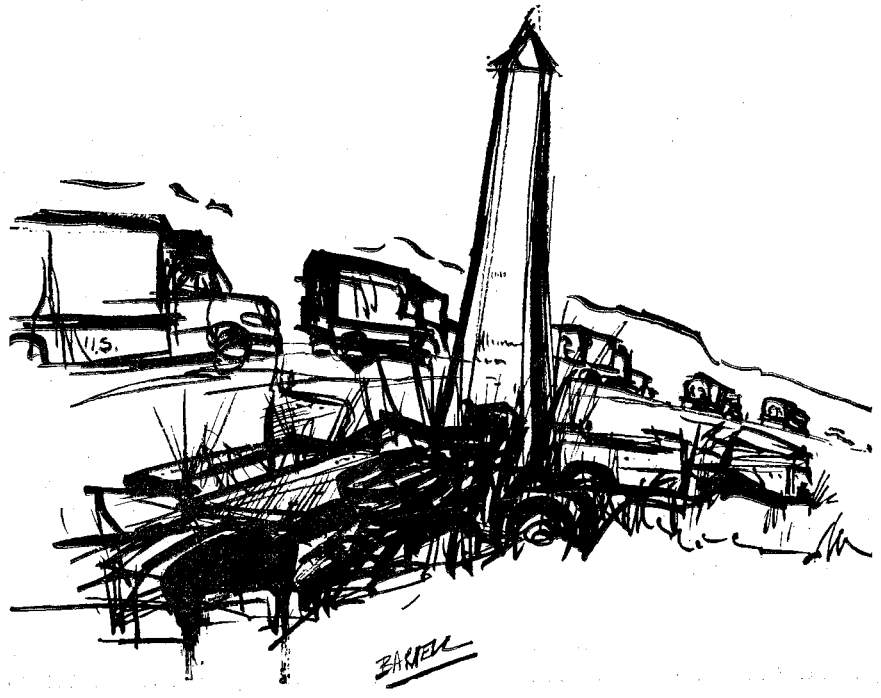
While the Vietnamese army seldom goes into action with less than two or three battalions, a Strike Force ambush may consist of a single squad. Strike Force tactics are equally unorthodox by Vietnamese standards. The *montagnard* troopers will work at night, which is generally conceded to the Vietcong, and they will work with any weapons at their disposal, from crossbows to machine guns. The Boung Ben Strike Force once heard that three Vietcong political agents were touring the mountain villages nearby, calling all the young men together for propaganda lectures. Thirty *montagnards*, dressed in loincloths and armed with machetes, were dispatched to the village that was next on the Vietcong schedule. They listened patiently through the lecture. Then they closed in, and when they were done the Vietcong leader — an ethnic Vietnamese — was butchered so badly that he had to be air-lifted to a hospital in Pleiku. The other Vietcong agents, themselves *montagnards*, were scarcely bruised. This fact has immense significance for the future of Strike Force training in South Vietnam. The *montagnards* hate the Vietnamese, who for centuries have treated them much as the United States treated the American Indians, pushing them onto ever poorer lands and otherwise leaving them to savagery.

Now the *montagnards* are being courted by both sides in the struggle for South Vietnam. Things will never be the same in the highlands again.

"We're taking away their crossbows and giving them M-2 carbines," an American captain told me in Pleiku. "We're giving them medical care, uniforms, military training and the will to fight. The Vietnamese are going to find themselves with a revolution on their hands when this war is over."

The Vietcong are doing their part to foment this revolution. They can't offer the *montagnards* as much in the way of medical supplies and ammunition, but they can promise an autonomous "people's republic" of the mountain tribes, and they do. After the Vietcong have lectured them and the Americans have trained them, the *montagnards* may very well decide to take the Central Highlands for their own. From a political standpoint, therefore, our Special Forces teams may be setting a slow fire in the highlands of South Vietnam.

But militarily, the Strike Force units are an almost perfect instrument for fighting the Vietcong. While American officers attached to regular Vietnamese battalions grind their teeth in frustration, the sergeants and corporals of Special Forces can take their *montagnards* as far and as fast as they choose. In the five-day operation which began near the grave of Groupe Mobile 100, two Strike Force companies covered a circle of mountains 20 miles in diameter. They were divided into four independent sections, with two Americans and seventy-five *montagnards* in each. I went along, and I have never marched so hard. Often without food and sometimes without water, we covered mountains and valleys, marching ten or twelve hours a day. As is so often the case in this terrain, where a company of men



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can vanish into the saw grass a few yards from the trail, we encountered no real resistance, although we were supposed to be traveling through the home territory of the Vietcong "Tiger Battalion." The only rewards for our labor were a few distant shots at fleeing men, who might or might not have been Vietcong, and a bag of about fifty refugees. The rule of thumb on such missions is that a running man is a Vietcong; the others are refugees.

Our refugees were pathetic, bewildered people who had been living on roots for the past few months, and who told us that all their young men had joined the Vietcong to get food. There was much sickness among them, including blindness and one probable case of leprosy. One hopes that these people will have a better life in the government-controlled settlement where we took them, but this is far from certain. Like Diem's strategic-hamlet program — "that outrage to humanity," as one missionary described it to me — we are resettling these mountain families with much speed and little forethought. At one refugee camp I visited, the people were living on a single bag of corn every three days. Rice had been allocated for them, but it had been sidetracked by corruption or inefficiency. The Special Forces commander at Boung Ben refused to move one group of refugees to the camp because he was skeptical of the treatment they would receive. He kept them at Boung Ben, and fed them from the stores of rice that had been provided for his own troops.

"I don't know why we're bringing these people in," his operations sergeant confided to me the night before we left on that five-day sweep through the mountains. "They're happy with what they've got. Then we round them up and bring them in, and there's no land ready for them, no houses, nothing."

The purpose, of course, is to clear the mountains of innocents, so that anybody who moves there can be assumed to be an enemy. The Vietnamese and the Americans have read Mao Tse-tung's classic work on guerrilla warfare, and they know that a guerrilla cannot survive without a peasantry in which he can submerge himself, "like a fish in the sea." Special Forces has set out to drain the sea, after which it will be able to kill the fish at its leisure.

This grand design may actually work, in a military sense. Certainly the Vietcong are worried about the new *montagnard* settlements. In an effort to drive the people back to the mountains, they have resorted to such petty harrassments as destroying the bamboo-stake walls around the settlement, so that the people will be so busy repairing them that they will not be able to till their fields.

The U.S. Special Forces is a military instrument—one of the finest ever devised — and its private war in the Central Highlands may very well end in a military victory. But in winning the mountains we may lose the *montagnards*. It is bad enough that we are giving them the means to wage a revolution of their own; it is tragic that we are introducing them to Western civilization by forcibly evacuating them from their homes, then training them to automatic carbines that can fire 750 rounds per minute. Even the French left a more humane legacy than that.

The Peace Corps

Nursery for Diplomats . . . . . Ian Sclanders

When President Kennedy first proposed the Peace Corps in 1960, the idea was greeted with suspicion and ridicule. Some called it a political gimmick; others foresaw that it would loose on the world a band of young and irritating do-gooders who would be certain to antagonize the peoples of other countries by showing them how to do things the American, or superior, way.

Started on a trial basis in March, 1961, and authorized by Congress later that year, the Peace Corps has been praised at home as enthusiastically, and perhaps as uncritically, as the Boy Scouts. The Peace Corps, though, is not the Boy Scouts. It will cost the U.S. taxpayer about $100 million in the next year and the trend of its expenditures is up. The amount is not large by Defense Department standards, but compared, say, with expenditures on housing for the aged, or on medical research and vocational training, its budget is impressive enough to warrant discussion. And more important than its cost, the Peace Corps is an instrument of foreign policy intended to improve relations between the United States and what are euphemistically called "underdeveloped" countries, where the poor suffer from hunger, ignorance and disease, and are more often than not victimized by a greedy oligarchy.

Since the Peace Corps is an arm of national policy, financed by public funds, it is necessary to ask how and what it is doing, and what impact it has had on the four dozen nations where it now operates. I've put such questions to several of its upper-echelon executives. (It is not generally known—the publicity emphasis being on the volunteers who "earn 11c an hour" for a "sixteen-hour day"—that the Peace Corps employs fifty officials at salaries, as of late 1963, ranging from $16,400 to $20,000.) They invariably answer, in effect: "Bolivia (or Cameroon or Gabon or Togo or Uruguay or Venezuela) is crazy about our Peace Corps people, and begging for more. When one of our volunteers leaves a village where he's been working, believe me, they all turn out to see him off, and there's hardly a dry eye."

Seasoned volunteers, approaching the end of a two-year tour of duty, are less effusive. There are frequent exceptions, of course, but the true enthusiasts are the new recruits.

At an advanced training camp in the Puerto Rican hills, I saw recruits swinging on ropes from tree

Ian Sclanders, a correspondent for Maclean's *(Canada), is permanently stationed in Washington.*

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to tree, Tarzan-style. Others were climbing up and down sheer cliffs, although some of them literally shook with fear as they were coaxed on by a rugged little merchant navy captain borrowed from the staff of England's famous "character building" Outward Bound Schools. And still others managed not to drown by carefully timed exhaling and inhaling whenever they bobbed to the surface after being tossed into a swimming pool with hands and feet tightly bound—this so they would learn the method by which many a sailor lived to see another day when his ship was torpedoed in the Battle of the Atlantic.

After the trees, the cliffs, the pool, and maybe a few miles of jogging over rough roads, they'd hunch eagerly over tables in a primitive assembly hall, scribbling notes as visiting professors, enjoying a pleasant junket to Puerto Rico, lectured them on the art of making friends and influencing natives. And after the lectures there would be, until late, long, earnest, round-table discussions about the nature of man, the virtues of democracy versus the evils of communism, and what you should do if a native offered you a prized delicacy you couldn't eat without risking dysentery. (A tactful Corpsman, it was decided, should be able to explain graciously and gratefully that *norteamericanos* had stomachs which, unfortunately, were easily upset by unaccustomed goodies. But in cases where it meant winning confidence and trust, he should be willing to endure a minor illness, like a bout of diarrhea, but not a more serious disease.)

The trainees—some middle-aged or older, but most just out of college—glowed with visions of what they would do for the underdog, the torch of learning they would carry to remote and illiterate settlements, the prosperity they would spread by sharing their American knowledge and skill, the sanitary latrines and clean water supplies they would create, the misery they would erase. While I was still in Puerto Rico some of the girls, for practice, went out to live and work in the kind of shacks and with the kind of families they'd encounter when they were assigned to posts. They ate beans and rice and dried fish, remembered to chlorinate their drinking water with

tiny white pills, reconciled themselves to the dirt, the stench, the overcrowding, the staccato Spanish chatter. And when they got together again they compared notes, not without pride, and cultivated the habit of saying, "It's not so much what I'm doing for the Peace Corps; it's what the Peace Corps is doing for me." This was an article of faith, and much later, when I saw Peace Corps volunteers actually on the job in the stinking ghastly slums, rural and urban, of a dozen Central American and South American countries, they were still repeating it.

It's what a nurse from Alaska told me when, on a steaming hot day in an incredibly awful district in Tegucigalpa, the pathetically poverty-stricken capital of dictator-ridden Honduras, I said I admired what she was doing. I did. There she was, crisp and efficient in a clinic jammed with mothers and babies, inoculating the infants at a great rate, dispensing prescriptions for internal parasites, advising mothers on child care and how to choose and prepare food that would provide more nourishment for no more money. You really had to hand it to her.

And you had to hand it to other Peace Corps volunteers not far from the clinic who had constructed a row of concrete laundry tubs filled by a stream flowing down from the encircling mountains. The women used to do washing in the stream itself, for themselves and anybody who would pay them a penny or two. Now the miracle of the Peace Corps had created the luxury of luxuries—a row of laundry tubs—and the volunteers, in their recently acquired basic Spanish, were evoking dreams of a cooperative laundry with gleaming chrome and white machines, all owned by the women themselves, and where they would do laundry for the whole of Tegucigalpa and earn enough to sleep without gnawing hunger. I can't say whether the cooperative laundry materialized or how it fared: soon after I left, there was one of those right-wing military coups, and the army dictator who replaced a moderately progressive President, and who represented the more vicious elements in the oligarchy, seemed not the type to encourage anything that would benefit the poor. (He received the blessings of the U.S. State Department for reasons best known to itself.)

Throughout Latin America—in the *barriadas* of Peru, so appalling that the government has erected walls to hide them from travelers on busy highways; in the *favelas* clinging with their depressing ugliness and squalor to the hillsides of Rio de Janeiro and encroaching on the estates of Brazil's multimillionaires; in the hideous *ranchos* of Caracas, squatting between the glittering mansions of Venezuela's rich, in the *bohilas* of Colombia, and in most of the other revolting ghettos of misery that can be inflicted on man by an all-powerful combination of landowners, military gangsters and reactionary clergy — Peace Corps volunteers are doing jobs of one kind or another. It's the same in most of Africa and in parts of the Near East and Southern Asia. Some, like the crisp nurse in Honduras, have a spirit that can't be daunted, an outlook that defeats loneliness, discouragement, boredom, frustration. Others, from all accounts, can abide the mud huts, the isolation, the lack of companionship, the absence of accustomed forms of entertainment, the bad and monotonous food, the insects and the snakes, the physical ailments that are almost inescapable in the tropics. What bothers them much more than these personal rigors is the apathy of people without hope or ambition, and the unreasoning fear of new undertakings, new methods,

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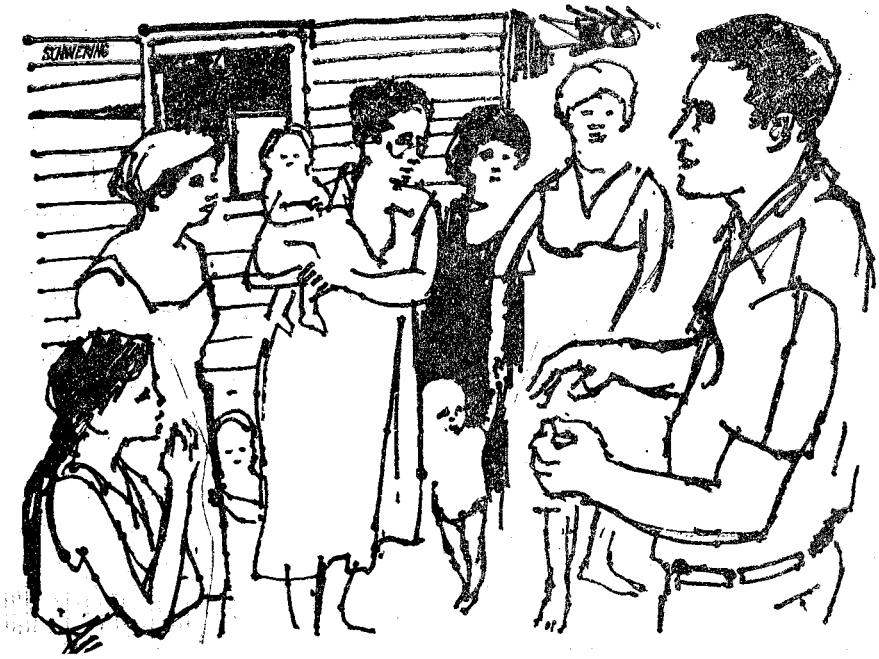
that is so common among the backward and the ignorant. While only about one volunteer in 250 has to be sent home because of "emotional disorders," more are undoubtedly affected by the hopelessness that surrounds them and become apathetic themselves, rattling purposelessly over the roads in Peace Corps jeeps, killing time until the day when they will be discharged.

In spite of efforts to screen out vulnerable candidates, it was inevitable that some of those chosen would wind up discontented and disgruntled. A few become critical, as well as disillusioned.

Not long ago a volunteer who had resigned before completing a two-year term in Africa, charged that the top Peace Corps official in his region had seldom been on the job and, when he was, had shown bad judgment by sponsoring competitive sports in communities where there was tension and hatred between Christians and Moslems. When the rival religions were pitted against each other on the playing field, he said, skulls were cracked and blood ran. He added that, in his opinion, the Peace Corps had accomplished virtually nothing. Peace Corps spokesmen at Washington, while promising to look into his allegations, let it be known that they discounted his statements and that the country in which he had been stationed had praised the work of the Peace Corps and asked for more volunteers.

A more typical reaction to Peace Corps experience is that of Jesse Stone, one of a group which launched a poultry cooperative and other farm ventures in the Dominican Republic. "Rice and beans," he discovered, "get pretty damn dull when you eat them twice a day, seven days a week." He feels that he *did* accomplish something, though not all he had hoped, and that living in a different sort of world compensated him for any hardship or monotony. It wasn't quite what he expected, but he has no regrets.

That, I think, is the story with most Peace Corpsmen — the story, indeed, of the Peace Corps itself, which is now in the process of expanding from 6,634 volunteers in forty-eight countries to 11,300 volunteers in forty-nine countries. In the opinion of the overwhelming majority of Congressmen, the program is well worth while, and the



dissenting votes, when its 1964 budget of $102 million was approved, were not worth counting. Even Barry Goldwater has expressed approval. One reporter has termed the "love affair" between Congress and the Peace Corps "one of the miracles of our time," and another has suggested that 2 million volunteers, armed only with a zeal to be helpful, could "conquer the world for democracy."

Yet three Republicans on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, H. R. Gross of Iowa, Edward Derwinski of Illinois, and Vernon Thomson of Wisconsin, have called the Peace Corps a "burgeoning bureaucracy" that is "long on public relations and short on accomplishments." Their charge is not entirely without justification, and the element of truth in it is that, while the Peace Corps has functioned so smoothly in Washington as to make a national figure of Sargent Shriver, it is much better known in the United States than in any of the countries where its volunteers are serving. Even though most Peace Corpsmen are dedicated to their mission, and thoroughly trained for what they are doing, they are not exactly revolutionizing four dozen nations. The impression they are making on those nations is not what the average American believes it to be. Scores of millions of people in areas where the means of communication taken for granted in the United States are scarce if not absent, and where illiteracy is prevalent have never heard of the Peace Corps—many of them have never heard of the United States.

In Latin America, the Peace Corps is doing fine things, in a limited way, and I have no doubt that the same is true in Africa and Asia. But 6,634 volunteers—or 11,300—thinly scattered among scores of millions of humans held in bondage by ignorance, feudalism, superstition, ancient mores and tribal customs, can't be expected to spread American progress like a giant wave over millions of square miles of mountains and jungles and deserts, over huge cities blemished by the worst slums on earth.

The Corpsmen who utter that repetitious article of faith—"It's not so much what I'm doing for the Peace Corps; it's what the Peace Corps is doing for me"—may be the ones who grasp the real point of the work. The many young volunteers now sharing the experiences of the common people in countries swamped with misery could grow up to be the first generation of Americans endowed with a deep understanding of the problems of other lands, with a truly international approach. If the State Department looks to this source for foreign service officers to replace diplomats who mingle only with the oligarchs in backward countries, on the grounds that only the oligarchs mix decent martinis and wash regularly, the government will be better informed and better served abroad than it has been until now. In that case, not just the United States but the world may benefit.

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Four From the Badlands

THE THIRTIETH YEAR. By Ingeborg Bachmann. Alfred A. Knopf. 187 pp. $4.95.

NEXT DOOR. By Johanna Moosdorf. Alfred A. Knopf. 224 pp. $4.95.

EVERY MAN A MURDERER. By Heimito von Doderer. Alfred A. Knopf. 373 pp. $5.95.

REPORT ON BRUNO. By J. Breitbach. Alfred A. Knopf. 311 pp. $4.95.

Sarah Gainham

These four novels—they have little else in common—show clearly one aspect of modern German writing and that is the variousness of what is meant by the word "German." Two are by Austrian-Germans, one is from East Germany (published originally in West Germany) and the fourth by a French citizen, an Alsatian. They might easily have included a Swiss and a West German author and all would equally be German writers.

The vagueness of German intellectual and spiritual frontiers is countered by the rather rigid and "sacred" structure of the German language, a rigidity that has come about largely because the language was—and is—the only link connecting quite different social and cultural structures. Those who write in German, therefore, feel a need to maintain its purity as a means of communication. But German is a difficult language to use and still more difficult to translate into English. Translators have often, as with Russian, seemed to feel that the language ought to be like English or French. Since German is quite different from either language, in structure and syntax and in its inward coherence, this has led to generations of bad translation. From this little realized fact comes the bad reputation abroad of German as a literary language and the common complaint that it is vague and imprecise. It is not at all imprecise but suffers from the necessity of being translated from the inside, as it were, and not by thinking in English. Only one of these four books is so well translated that there is no strong feeling of an intervening veil, or of woodenness.

Fortunately, it is the most delicate talent that gets the best service from its translator, Ingeborg Bachmann's. Michael Bullock has done a poetic and sensitive job on these stories, worthy of the original. To my own taste the title story, "The Thirtieth Year," is the least successful, lacking as it does a measure of three-dimensional realness. The others are all brilliant, muscular and supple, with genuine inward characterization. Since Ingeborg Bachmann is living in the world as it is, the pasts of the people who live with her concern her—part of the time—without obsessing her. One of the best of the stories is about a group of Viennese men who regularly drink together. Jews, half-Jews and former fellow travelers of the Nazis; not as they are usually presented — in one dimension and one color — but people as they exist.

The situation of the individual in Central Europe between 1933 and 1950 was more subtle than is generally thought abroad. This is perfectly obvious if one stops to think, but it is a thought only now beginning to be grasped outside the area. One of the circumstances that have delayed its realization is that those who knew that situation from the inside have been inhibited from expressing it in all its complexity by the taboos of the outside world. Talented as—for instance—Heinrich Böll and Uwe Johnson are, they have made life and work too easy for themselves by adopting inflexible values that tend to make all their characters figures and not people. A friend of Böll's, the newspaper publisher Rudolf Augstein, recently wrote of him that he is unable to envisage anyone now prosperous in West Germany as being a non-Nazi, or of believing anyone who is poor could have been anything but an anti-Nazi. This ironical criticism, though overdrawn, is valid for the whole group of younger writers forming the loose club called "Group-47." Ingeborg Bachmann is one of this group but has made a brilliant exception to Augstein's rule by seeing people as people rather than as sharply differentiated types with her own moral assessments stated at the start. It would be unjust to give readers the impression that this story is the only good work in *The Thirtieth Year*, but it is interesting to foreign readers for this reason.

Sarah Gainham is Bonn correspondent for the London Spectator.

Next Door, by Johanna Moosdorf, is an example of the state of mind described by Augstein. The idea of the book is good; a man now rich in Federal Germany is discovered to have been a mass murderer. One gathers that the author originally planned to show the inside of this man's mind, but she shies away from this difficult task and tells instead a kind of detective story of the man's unmasking. As this type of novel, *Next Door* has damning faults of incoherence and muddled story-planning. Frau Moosdorf shares a fault of many modern writers everywhere, including Uwe Johnson, whose influence is visible in this novel; she constantly changes scenes and persons in quick shots, intending to give a kaleidoscopic effect of complexity but succeeding only in being bitty. The most interesting aspect of the book is the unconscious attitudes it exposes, particularly toward money. Johanna Moosdorf, one gathers from the careful jacket copy, is still living in East Germany and has—probably unconsciously—adopted the Communist puritanism that puts money in the place once held by sex as the source of deepest sin. The criminal has to be rich and successful; money in itself has been equated with wickedness. Foreign money is particularly evil. There is an almost superstitious awe of hard currencies in the East European world; they are desired and feared both officially and privately, and have to be handled with complicated rituals. Of course, the currency regulations of Eastern bloc countries do have practical reasons of scarcity as well, but actual dealings with them have taken on the nature of purifying magic.

The second Austrian represented in these books, Heimito von Doderer, is out of an entirely different world, an old, experienced and highly professional writer. Here is a real writer to be assessed by international standards, like Frau Bachmann, though quite different. Doderer does not belong to modern German writing; he survives, as it were, from the world of Schnitzler and Musil. The powerful atmosphere of Austria which he invokes—ironical, spiritually tough, apparently superficial, but really having stable values and an inherited balance of thought—is a pleasure in itself. The jacket copy on *Every Man A Murderer* attempts

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to suggest that the events in this book are part of "the turbulent atmosphere which preceded the emergence of a sinister New Order in Central Europe." This is sheer nonsense; except for domestic details the story could have been set almost anywhere. The novel tells of a boy growing to manhood who, in the ordinary course of his life, involves himself with people he does not yet know, one of whom he marries and one of whom has died in mysterious and shocking circumstances. The theme is the idiot chanciness of life where people commit actions with far-reaching effects without knowing what they are doing. The original, which I have not read, must have been extremely good, but the translation is not adequate to Doderer's mind. Technically competent, it fails to express the depth and subtlety which are to be found in his other work. The occasional foreignisms, inevitable in any case, do not matter; what matters is that the German has been attacked from the outside, almost transliterated instead of being *ueberfragen* (literally: carried over) into the new language.

Breitbach's *Report on Bruno*, is unintelligible to me and I can only think that the praise of it from serious critics was ideologically motivated. A grandfather, industrialist and cabinet minister in a small European country, recounts his grandson's youth in a series of unbelievable incidents which elicit contradictory and psychologically false reactions from all the characters. Described as cold and calculating, the boy bursts into tears during a talk with his grandfather whom he hates (for good reason, although the author appears to admire this figure) and clasps the hated one in his arms for no visible reason. A Soviet Ambassador falls on his knees and kisses the hand of the Queen Mother in front of several other people. The boy goes to Russia and returns to be his grandfather's and tutor's political opponent, the tutor having meanwhile reached Parliament by favor of the grandfather. Vice squads, counterintelligence, cabinet intrigues, trade unionists, royal eccentrics, suicides and alcoholics follow one another in a farrago of nonsense. Probably the quality of the book accounts for the carelessness of the translation, which I could hardly believe to be by the same Michael Bullock who translated Ingeborg Bachmann's stories.

Except for Frau Bachmann's stories, none of these books exemplifies the most striking trend in modern writing in German: the internationalism, the rejection (or perhaps the loss) of the feeling of frontiers. It is this pervasive feeling of not belonging to a specific country that dominates Ingeborg Bachmann's title story, "The Thirtieth Year." Older people either resent or regret this attitude as unpatriotic, but they grew up in a climate of narrow nationalism which, the firm belief of the outside world notwithstanding, is contrary to Germany's history—particularly its cultural history. The German language has been the carrier of the European supra-national idea since the Middle Ages for several reasons: it never belonged to one specific society or national state; it was a bridge between several different social organizations; it was, for hundreds of years, the administrative language and *lingua franca* far to the east of German influence in Europe; it was the cultural language of European Jewry.

The non-nationalism of modern younger Germans is not a rejection, except of the immediate and hideous past; rather, it is a reversion to the real and valuable meaning of German culture.

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Five on the Desert

THE GREAT ARAB CONQUESTS. By John Bagot Glubb. Prentice-Hall, Inc. 384 pp. $6.95.

THE ARABS: Their History, Culture and Place in the Modern World. By Arnold Hottinger. University of California Press. 344 pp. $7.50.

THE ARABS: A Narrative History from Mohammed to the Present. By Anthony Nutting. Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. 488 pp. $6.50.

THE MIDDLE EAST AND THE WEST. By Bernard Lewis. Indiana University Press. 160 pp. $3.75.

POPULATION AND SOCIETY IN THE ARAB EAST. By Gabriel Baer. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. 275 pp. $7.50.

Charles Issawi

The claim of the Arabs on the attention of the world is many-sided. The strategist looks at the arc of Arab countries, stretching across 70 degrees of longitude and commanding the sea and air routes between the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, between Europe and Asia and Africa. The economist notes, without great enthusiasm, that the Arabs control well over half of the world's proven oil reserves, and that another tenth lies perilously close to their borders, in Iran. The student of international affairs recalls that the Arab states cast thirteen votes in the General Assembly of the United Nations, over a tenth of the total, and observes with foreboding the rapid progress made by both Israel and the UAR in the acquisition of thermonuclear weapons and delivery systems. The scope and vitality of Islam have to be taken into account by those interested in either religion or in the social forces shaping the present world — and the Arabs not only founded Islam but are once more its acknowledged leaders. For the same reason the Arabic language has been one of the main vehicles of world civilization and is today, after English and French, the chief language of sub-Saharan Africa. And the Arab Bedouin continues to exercise a deep fascination on both anthropologists and romantics, especially English ones. Hence the continuing flow of books on the Arab world, of which those listed above are but a sample.

The topic of the book written by Lieutenant General Sir John Bagot Glubb Pasha (to give him his full title) is the initial wave of conquests (622-680 A.D.) which eventually carried Islam to the Atlantic and Central Asia. As commander of Jordan's Arab Legion, he fought and reconnoitered in the area where the crucial first battles took place, and his account of the early campaigns is unrivaled. Particularly illuminating is his reconstruction of the battles around the Dera Gap, which led to the conquest of Syria. This alone makes his book well worth reading for all interested in either Middle Eastern history or, more generally, military history.

As for his explanation of the swiftness of the Arab advance: "The Arab conquerors owed their successes principally to their enthusiastic spirit and high morale, particularly fostered by the belief that they were fighting for God's cause and that those who died would go straight to Paradise," to their hardihood and to their mobility. But in addition, he mentions the fact that their adversaries, the Byzantine and Persian Empires, were exhausted by twenty-six years of continuous war, both were just attempting to impose direct rule on the Arab tribal kingdoms along their borders and both had hidebound armies "incapable of adapting their tactics to a new enemy and different terrain," especially an enemy who used his camel forces "like a sea power cruising off shore," i.e., in the desert. One wonders, though, whether Glubb has not underestimated the driving power of the land hunger and other economic forces which, so often in history, have caused an outburst from the Arabian peninsula to the neighboring lands.

Mr. Hottinger, a distinguished Swiss journalist who has worked for several years in the Middle East, has attempted something much more ambitious: a history of the Arabs from the earliest times to the latest (but surely not the last) army coups in Syria and Iraq. He cannot be said to have succeeded, although he does show some insight and, occasionally, quotes a telling text. On recent events he is much better informed, and one can only regret that he did not concentrate on the last twenty years, a period which he could have covered very effectively.

The same criticism can be leveled against Mr. Nutting. Here too, a man with considerable expert knowledge of contemporary affairs—acquired at the British Foreign Office—has chosen to write a general history of the Arabs from the time of Mohammed, covering North Africa as well as the Middle East. The addition to existing knowledge is negligible. Even the general reader, for whom *The Arabs: A Narrative History from Mohammed to the Present* has been written, is better served by the standard works.

Bernard Lewis, author of one of the best general studies (*The Arabs in History*), has published a set of lectures delivered at Indiana University in 1963, under the title *The Middle East and the West.* The book is addressed to a wide public, to whom it can be recommended as an excellent introduction to the recent history and politics of the region. The author's great learning, his keen understanding of the processes at work in the region, his incisiveness and wit, make reading this volume an undiluted pleasure. Particularly interesting are chapters III and IV, "The Quest for Freedom" and "Patriotism and Nationalism." In the former he shows how personal freedom, after having been pursued until the First World War or shortly after, was eventually given up in favor of national independence. In chapter IV he traces the growth of territorial patriotism, based on the French notion of *patrie* in the nineteenth century, and its supersession by a concept of ethnic nationalism, more akin to the German notion of *Volk.*

The other parts of *The Middle East and the West* are hardly less valuable. Thus he concludes the chapter entitled "The Impact of the West" by observing: "They may not have loved us, or even understood us, but they did admire and respect us. Today they usually do neither." And, quite rightly, he traces this revulsion to the fact that Western civilization "dominated, dislocated and transformed" the traditional Middle Eastern society. Moreover, the fate of Western institutions and ideas in the region was bound up with that of their carriers, the small, Westernized, upper middle classes whose dominance has been increasingly challenged by more popular movements such as the Moslem Brotherhood or by army officers drawn from lower social strata. The revolutions of the last few years have caused far-reaching changes in the political,

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social and economic aspects of Middle Eastern society.

Population and Society in the Arab East deals with many of these social changes in a scholarly, interesting way. Dr. Baer has drawn on a wide range of sources, from the major European languages, Arabic and Hebrew, and he has both the necessary sociological training and the historical knowledge of the region to extract the utmost from his data. He manages to convey very vividly the main developments taking place in Arab society: the very rapid population growth, which is pressing more and more heavily on resources and facing the governments of the region with increasingly serious problems; the exploding metropolises, which result in the concentration in the capital city of large masses who can, and sometimes do, overthrow the government; the breakdown of the traditional family, the social, economic and political emancipation of women, the loosening of the parental grip on children; and the shifts in the balance between social groups and classes.

In the next few years the pace of social change in the Arab countries will accelerate. The oil industry continues to expand. In several countries a sizable manufacturing industry has come into being and is developing rapidly. Agrarian structures have been drastically altered by land reforms. Education is being extended to ever larger sections of the population. Relations between the various Arab countries are in constant flux. The region will continue to provide the social scientist with a rich field for investigation and study.

THEATRE

THE THREE SISTERS

Because *The Three Sisters* (Morosco) is a production of The Actors Studio Theatre and because Lee Strasberg, the studio's leader, has directed the play, there is a temptation to treat the occasion with insufficient regard to Chekhov's contribution to it. It should therefore be immediately said that *The Three Sisters* is a surpassingly beautiful play. If you have never seen it before, I urge you, Broadway fashion, to run — not walk — to see it now. If you have seen it previously, you will do well to see it again. One always discovers wonderful new things in it.

Years ago there were playgoers and reviewers who challenged the play's admirers to say what was significant about three sisters in a small town in Russia (*circa* 1899) who yearn to return to their native Moscow and who never get there. Such skeptics — if they still exist — must be just as confounded by the evidence of repeated revivals the world over as were the sponsors of the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis last summer when they found that the play exercised an unexpected appeal to audiences in that city. It had become, so to speak, a thoroughly American play!

Like everything in Chekhov, each detail of the play is specific and at the same time symbolic. Moscow is itself, and also the name for, a dream, a hope. *The Three Sisters* is a drama of aspiration and of the frustration of that aspiration in which the hope persists ever more burningly because of the frustration. It is the hope for the good life — a release from mediocrity, conformity, apathy and dullness. The sisters' brother, Andrei, speaks of the town of a hundred thousand, which is the play's locale, as possessing no one "that's not exactly the same as the others; there never has been in the past or the present a single saint, a single scholar, a single artist, a single person famous enough for anybody to envy him or try to be like him."

This, then, is a story of the misery of provincial life — and Russian at that? Not at all. Another character refers to St. Petersburg as "cold and idle." And still another tells one of the sisters ". . . when you live in Moscow again, you won't notice it." The yearning for Moscow then is not for a place but for a state of being: happiness or, if you will, "Godot"!

Chekhov was long regarded as a pessimist — wholly "downbeat." Nowadays it has become almost fashionable to speak of his "optimism" and his hopefulness. Both may be said to be true, because neither is true in any absolute sense. There is hope in Chekhov, but it is not a bland or sunny hope, not the hope which makes itself unaware of the perennial pain and mystery of life. In the play's coda — one of the most touching in all drama — the spinster sister, heartbroken and exalted by the martial music being played by a departing battalion, among whom are the sisters' only friends, exclaims: "Oh, dear sisters, our life isn't over yet. We shall live! The music is playing so gaily, so joyfully, and it seems as though a little more and we shall know why we live, why we suffer. If only we knew, if only we knew!" In counterpoint, the most defeated character in the play, a doctor, hums "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay. . . . What's the difference anyway! What's the difference!"

What Chekhov tells us over and over again is that viewed dispassionately, life is a wretched and incomprehensible affair. Even the Baron (of German extraction), though full of lyric longing, holds it "philosophically" futile to believe in a fundamental amelioration of man's fate, a future bright new day. Chekhov does not deny this rationally, but he is moved by the impulse of his total being toward a faith which accepts work, the effort of mind and the appetites of the body, the sheer impetus forward into action even when it ends in personal failure.

In Chekhov this basic affirmation (through tears as much as through laughter) is no self-satisfied mysticism but becomes socially positive. When one of the sisters says, "We know a lot that isn't any use," her friend and lover-to-be, the Colonel, replies, "Suppose that among the hundred thousand inhabitants of the town — this obviously crude, obviously backward place . . . suppose that there're only three people like you. It's plain that you won't be able to get the best of the darkness and ignorance around you . . . little by little you'll have to give up, you'll be lost in this crowd . . . their life will choke you out. . . . But you'll have been here, you'll not disappear without a trace: later on others like you will come, perhaps only six at first, then twenty and so on, until at last people like you will be in the majority. In two or three hundred years life will be unimaginably beautiful, unimaginably wonderful."

And later—in the plays of Chekhov themes return "musically" in slight but constant variation — the Colonel adds, "We can have no share in it [the beautiful life] but we are living for it, working for it, yes, suffering for it: we are creating it — and in that and in that alone is the aim of

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our existence and, if you wish, our happiness."

The capacity to share in the melancholy of the pessimist and yet to persist in a smiling assent to being makes Chekhov a "sad" writer who elevates, a comedic writer who induces tears. He is deeply committed to his characters and wholly objective about them. The keynote of his work is tenderness without sentimentality, detachment without cruelty. He makes poetry out of fact; a song out of the "untheatrical."

Chekhov's characters are so completely seen that none of them can be thought of as wholly unsympathetic. They are all part of the human comedy, both bitter and beloved. There is no melodrama anywhere in Chekhov, and the craftsman's hand can never be detected in the structure of his plays. His dramatic technique, if it is to be defined in a sentence, is constantly to break or interrupt the play's narrative line so that there appears to be none. His plays seem to "float" without noticeable direction: they are a presence with no readily perceptible destination or manifest logic.

Lee Strasberg's production of *The Three Sisters* has a texture of talent. This is due to the interweaving of Chekhov's scenes, which makes the play as dense as a novel, and to a cast comprised of some of the best actors of our stage. There is, too, in the production a distinct feeling of *place*, of the life of a specific community. Certain moments are eminently affecting: for instance, the singing at the table of a Russian melody with its sorrowful and inspiring warmth. (Shirley Knight's voice, as well as her noble head, are singularly right.) Such things as the way the shy Baron turns away in covert agony when Irina tells him she is incapable of loving him are typical of Strasberg's touch. There are also some admirably evocative stage "pictures." The actors, moreover, are generally of a single temper and play with dedication to one another and to their mutual task. This makes for a consistent emotional *body* not often discernible in our theatre.

As I have suggested in my opening paragraph, a special (perhaps parochial) interest attaches to this production because it is expected or supposed to represent the Method or that version of Stanislavsky's system which the Actors Studio has evolved.

A distinction is often made between technical acting and "method acting." This may be a conversational convenience but it is theoretic nonsense. The Method, or system, is itself a technique (a) for the training of actors and (b) for an approach to the analysis of plays and parts as it relates to practical stage work. What Stanislavsky and his "followers" are after is a way to give theatrical effects a sound human basis. They wish to achieve the real but not necessarily or even primarily the realistic.

By itself the Method guarantees nothing. A production like *The Three Sisters* is not obliged or intended to demonstrate anything in particular. It is (or should be) done to reveal Chekhov's play on the stage with the actors available in our time and place.

With few exceptions most of the things done by the actors at the Morosco are genuinely felt and well executed. There is no sign of those faults often ascribed to practitioners of the Method: hemming and hawing, inaudibility and the rest of the silly myth. Even such protracted pauses as exist are dramatically justified and effective. But a scene or a characterization may be genuinely felt and still not be right. And there is much in this *Three Sisters* which is not right.

One might guess the Moscow Art Theatre production of the play was, whether consciously or not does not matter, taken as an authoritative model. This has proved misleading for the Moscow Art Theatre style, it may surprise many to learn, is not really congruous with Strasberg's special gifts. As a director Strasberg is not a realist (in the sense of a concern with the minutiae of environment) but a psychological impressionist of quiet intensity who, somewhat in the vein of Chekhov himself, finds the essential emotional trait in a situation without too much stress on all its attendant manifestations. The Moscow Art Theatre realism (in its early years at any rate) was more ponderous than the nature of Strasberg's art, which at its best might be called a spiritualized realism.

Why, one asks oneself, the heavily detailed setting? Why not a spare indication of the sisters' household rather than the full account? Why have an infant's cry mechanically imitated off-stage? Does an actress have to retch (should she be permitted to) when she is shocked by another character's coarseness? Should the curtains move in the wind in almost precisely the same way in the spring and winter? The production in this regard is not sufficiently selective.

These may be considered mere quibbles. There are more crucial lapses in the characterization of the parts, a lack of coordination, which affect the spirit of the production. Geraldine Page's Olga is self-effacing and wholly convincing in its simplicity and directness, but should she not as the General's eldest daughter and, despite herself, the headmistress of a secondary school, possess greater formal dignity? Does Kulygin, who though a fool and a mediocrity, is also deeply kind and not altogether blind, have to be made to appear a clown? (A man who reiterates at every turn that he is "satisfied" surely

Summer

The hot dusty road over the hill. The boy crawls under the barbed wire to cross the pasture.

In the shade of the big maple stands a new colt, legs spread wide to keep his balance. A thin creature like crossed fence-posts soft grey from weather. The mare watches the boy, watches the colt.

The pool below the pasture has the sweet musty odor of wet leaves and decayed roots. A wedge of sunlight. In the shadow the water is black and dead.

The naked boy shines in the yellow light and dives. A water snake slithers away.

Sudden rain.

The deserted house up the hill. The kitchen door creaks. Outside the clouds are breaking up but in the house it is dark. Old Man Slayton never came back. There is a smell of rot in the bedroom.

After the rain a red evat glistens on the fallen green leaves.

Running down the road.

George Anthony

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isn't.) Gerald Hiken's Andrei is gratifyingly relaxed—the scene in which he dances is, like most of the improvisatory moments, altogether successful—but the slow attrition and deterioration of the character, which Irina, the younger sister speaks of, is never conveyed. I could not accept the Colonel (Vershinin), a pivotal character, as anything more than a windbag. Yet it is he who, for all his childlike features, enunciates the heart of Chekhov's thought, the essence of Chekhovian idealism. Despite its faltering, Vershinin's humanity should lift our hearts just as it makes Masha fall in love with him.

The most striking performance is Kim Stanley's as Masha. She is an actress of subtle power and subtler means. Whatever she does is seen as if specially illuminated. To take the most minute example: watch the moment before she leaves the room because her sister-in-law Natasha has berated the old servant. Yet Miss Stanley's Masha seems a latter-day neurotic, ridden by spasms of torment caused not so much by her situation in the play as by an experience of life far more complex and sophisticated than that of Chekhov's character.

What all Chekhov's characters must possess is a purity, an innocence which transcends their hurts, their intelligence or their cynicism. Even the doctor who confesses that he has forgotten everything, knows nothing and hardly believes in his own existence (so that the death of a friend in a duel seems to him no great matter) is a person full of regret, a regret made possible by his caring profoundly. His studied negations are the antidotes to his frazzled feelings. He anticipates the poets of the absurd.

The first act of this production lacks the warmth it should have because there is too deliberate an effort to show the good nature, the kindness, the positive jollity of Chekhov's people, conventionally thought of as steeped in gloom. Everyone frisks and shouts too much. Because certain critics have related that Chekhov thought Stanislavsky had turned his characters into crybabies, the Studio Theatre attempts to make some scenes (especially in the early part of the play) blatantly casual. Thus, many relationships are passed over, concealed or taken for granted. (For example, it is not till late in the second act that we learn that the Byronic brute Solyony is in love with the youngest sister, a fact which should have been evident from the start.) The vigorous attempt to lend the play lightness results in a contrary effect.

And yet—*The Three Sisters* remains a masterpiece of modern drama which no one seriously devoted to the theatre should fail to see.

HAROLD CLURMAN

FILMS

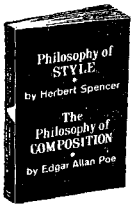
ON LOCATION IN SICILY

Our times are congenial to black humor, to the clown as killer and the slapstick of agony, and it is no wonder that Italian directors have discovered Sicily. What is surprising is, that having found that absurd and terrifying island, excellent movie makers seem unable to come to grips with it. Two recent films that were shot there, though vigorously blocked out and performed with drive, flavor and a good deal of individual subtlety, are nevertheless morally wavering and emotionally uncommitted, as vertiginous as a quaking ladder. And I do not think the effect is intended — another example of the *avant-garde's* strategy of disconcerting the audience. It seems to me more likely that the makers of these films have discovered suddenly that Sicily is their Wild West and have plunged into the marvelously pictorial rodomontade without stopping to consider what they think of it.

Mafioso, directed by Alberto Lattuada, stars Alberto Sordi, one of the most discerning comics now working in films. On this occasion, he is a time-and-motion technician employed by a large and up-to-the-minute factory in Milan, and living with his very blonde wife and two daughters in a small and up-to-the-minute flat (it appears that everything they eat comes out of a Waring blender). This Antonio takes his family for a first visit to his native Sicily and the change that comes over him — his expansive delight in his cruelly impoverished village and his stunted and bitter relatives, his puppylike scampering up to pay his respect to the sordid old chief of the village — is both funny and touching. This area of the picture is alive with clearcyed detail: the wall-like resistance of the mother to her northern daughter-in-law, the toothless old scarecrow of a father who wrestles in the dust with an equally aged and bony opponent in a real estate dispute, the idle and ignorant young men chatting on the beach in what they take to be the "in" clichés of the mainland, the coldly murderous arrogance (greased with sentimentality) of the secret rulers of the land.

But then the mafia reaches out for its returned son. A man in Brooklyn has broken the code and a call has been received for a killer. Antonio the gullible, the happy prodigal, is shipped off by air in a packing case, taken to a barber shop where the offender is being shaved, empties his revolver into a body he scarcely sees and returns by the same route, while his wife believes, and the others pretend, that he has been off shooting rabbits with old schoolmates.

Aside from the sudden insecurity of the New York episodes (played apparently by Italian actors who have learned to parrot English), Sordi's characterization takes on no depth from the dark turn in the story. His



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haunted anguish in the late passage is as much a surface comment, a mannerism of caricature, as his earlier manic homecoming. A trouble, I think, is that Lattuada and Sordi never imply a man beneath Antonio's motley; therefore they do not have the man when they need him. The picture is full of foreshadowing, but it doesn't bite in because the warnings are too irrelevant to the quality of Sordi's performance. The light, indulgent tone of the picture is so ill-matched to the ruthless manipulation of lives demonstrated in its plot that I fully expected the assassination sequence to be revealed as one of those interpolated nightmares from which the hero awakes with a shout of relief. Not so; Antonio goes back to his stop watches and charts with murder on his hands. But whereas earlier in the picture he had been a wonderfully endearing individual, he ends as a kind of fictional anomaly.

Pietro Germi, who went to Sicily earlier to direct *Divorce—Italian Style*, returned there to make *Seduced and Abandoned*. Physically and in content, it is a more cohesive work than *Mafioso*, but it suffers from the same estranging ambiguity of tone. It opens with a certain Peppino (Aldo Puglisi) forcibly seducing (not quite raping) the 15-year-old sister of his fiancée, while the rest of the family are disposed about the house in attitudes of siesta. There is no touch of *Lolita* in this — Sicilian girls of 15 are not children—but there is a strong element of Chaplin in the young man's appearance and inept impetuosity.

However, if Peppino is a clown, he is very much a Sicilian clown, which means that he has not much confidence in himself as a person but a great deal of pride in himself as a man. When the unlucky siesta episode becomes known, he takes the position that he cannot be expected to marry the girl since she is not virtuous. He is perfectly serious on this point and his family supports him.

The part of Peppino is excellent — a kind of evil and ruthless seminarian — and the picture would have made emotional sense if it had been built around his nastiness. But in fact, the girl's father (Saro Urzi) dominates, and he is a great barrel of extrovert conventionality, who proliferates elephantine schemes for preserving the honor of his family. These include mock yelling matches in the street, the firing of blunderbusses, fake kidnapings, comic assassination plots and oafish attempts to outwit the highly sophisticated resident police. Much of this is very funny, a sharp cartoon of Sicilian bravado. But simultaneously, the girl is being physically beaten and mentally broken, deprived of all personal dignity, exposed to the leering cruelty of the public square. She goes to the altar with the loathsome Peppino as a sullen, defeated animal. Once I have seen a hulk of a man take his fists to his slim daughter, it is hard for me to regard him as an amiable and much-harried bungler; and wild chases through the streets lose something of their Keystone quality when a girl's sanity is at stake. The tone of the picture seems to me too merry for its content; there is something disturbingly heartless in its evenhanded distribution of laughs and blows. It is one thing to say that the most horrible thing about Sicilian evil is its absurdity; it is another to throw poisoned custard pies. The limitation of our Westerns was that they never saw beneath the melodrama of optimistic violence. The Italians see much deeper into the ferocious extravagance of Sicily, but disconcertingly they see double.

ROBERT HATCH

Tenuous and Precarious

Tenuous and Precarious
Were my guardians,
Precarious and Tenuous,
Two Romans.

My father was Hazardous,
Hazardous,
Dear old man.
Three Romans.

There was my brother Spurious,
Spurious Posthumous,
Spurious was spurious,
Was four Romans.

My husband was Perfidious,
He was perfidious.
Five Romans.

Surreptitious, our son,
Was surreptitious,
He was six Romans.

Our cat Tedious
Still lives,
Count not Tedious
Yet.

My name is Finis,
Finis, Finis,
I am Finis,
Six, five, four, three, two,
One Roman,
Finis.

Stevie Smith

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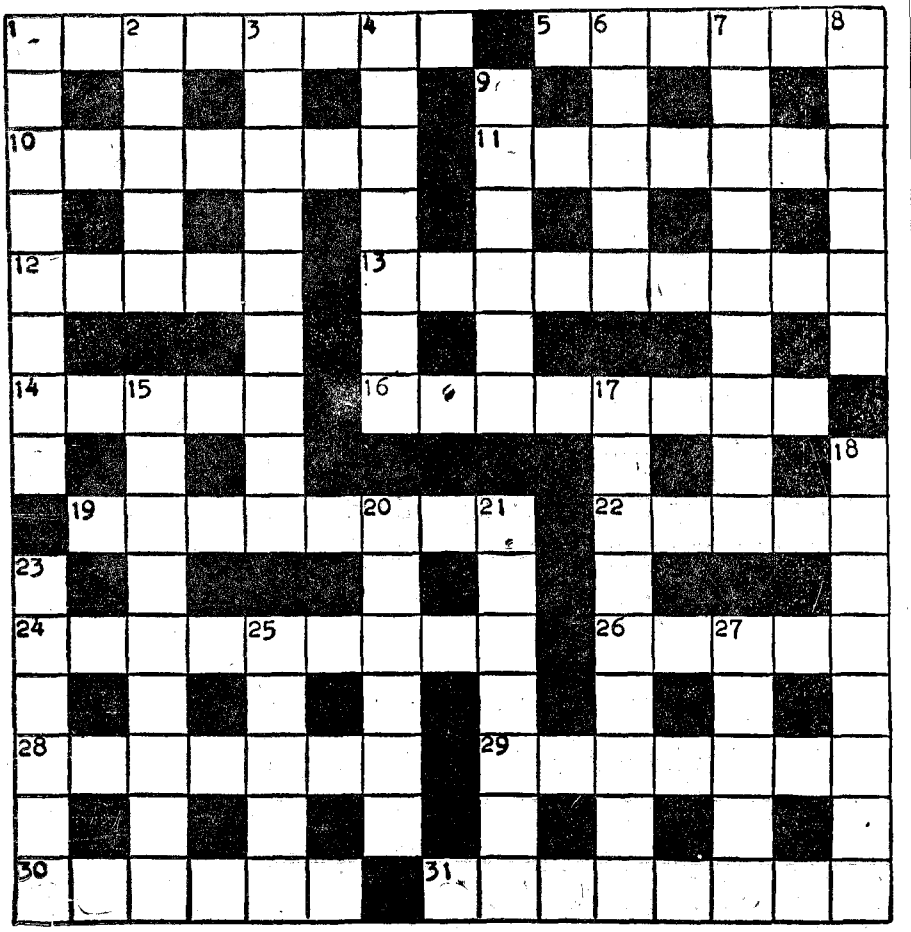
Crossword Puzzle No. 1067

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

5 Tom, perhaps, might expect a buck for his work. (6)
10 But Tom and Mr. Breck shouldn't normally speak so. (7)
11 and 1 across A cold fall and food nicely prepared for a brief visit. (4, 3, 8)
12 Condescension at the front door? (7)
13 Wyatt sharpens up something to help the audience. (9)
14 Everyone has a pained expression to permit it. (5)
16 Is this country square on 11? (8)
19 Surprised to find Sinatra's roles in the old Establishment? (8)
22 "So long" was the word for Rostand's man. (5)
24 The food to prepare in a hurried manner. (3-6)
26 A number at recess might cause one to slip. (5)
28 Spy once associated with a fainting spell—ne'er as an example.
29 Spinach, for example, could be detected in the faded print. (7)
30 More than one are designed to show it, and came close to it. (6)
31 Confused so as to have the finest at heart, which might shield one from the fire. (8)

DOWN:

1 If such as this could be a flower arrangement, so be it. (8)
2 Oration, but not on proportional representation. (5)
3 A testament to force? (4-5)
4 A ten-line construction shouldn't be hard. (7)
6 The followers of Jakob Ammann would be really confused if they were given mash. (5)
7 Any singer should have such aspirations. (9)
8 This sort of vegetable is hard—because it's usually not cooked.
9 Sounds like a country disease. (6)
15 Ancient province destroyed by the Germans. (9)
17 An act of material aid. (4-5)
18 Love in this might be growing. (8)
20 Profited by being caught. (6)
21 Throws on one's seat? (7)
23 Selected name for the sound of 9.
25 Being out in the air puts a little weight on one. (5)
27 Salt mine, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1066

ACROSS: 1 Ticker tape; 6 Offa; 10 Rotifer; 11 Opulent; 12 Training ground; 14 Besotted; 15 Cinema; 16 Empire; 18 Kedgeree; 22 Dog-in-the-manger; 24 Couplet; 25 Echelon; 26 Tier; 27 Pesticides. DOWN: 1 Turntables; 2 Cutlass; 3 Enfant terrible; 4 Terence; 5 Prongs; 7 Fleance; 8 Acts; 9 Autobiographic; 13 Name brands; 17 Procure; 19 Everest; 20 Regaled; 21 Statue; 23 Scat.

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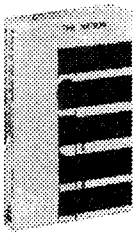

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